FIRST COMICS
DYNAMO JOE • WHISPER • BLAZE BARLOW
DEC. $1.25
NO.
$1.75 CANADA
FIRST Adventures
BARRY CRAIN
1985
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First Adventures

c/o FIRST COMICS 1014 DAVIS STREET EVANSTON, ILLINOIS 60201

It's taken us a while to put this book together.

Usually, the process is quite simple: a creator or a team of creators present a proposal to us, we look at it, make lots of ecstatic noises, and talk about terms and deadlines. Then we throw all the legal nonsense to our respective lawyers while we work together to smooth out the rough edges and, as they say in the editorial racket, "develop the property."

Unfortunately, for every proposal we accept, there are about 100 we pass up. But of those 100, there are about five we *really* like and would publish if we had a strong wish to flood the racks with untold quantities of comics.

Some of these worthy projects are offered to us by people who really do not have the time — or inclination — to do them as full-length books. And there are only so many back-up slots available.

So what do we do about all the projects we would *like* to publish?

You're holding the answer in your hands right now. A monthly anthology title featuring four such series.

Yes, I said *four*. You probably only counted three — that's because we are going to be running these series in *rotation*. Bear with me here: we start out with three stories, and when the first of these finishes its initial adventure, that feature goes on "vacation" for one or two months and we put the fourth series in its place. When we finish the initial adventure of the second series, we take that one out and bring the first series back in its place. And so on, with each of the four series appearing in nine or ten of the 12 issues we publish each year.

Actually, this is a very versatile format: if the writer and artist(s) get more time, we can spin-off the series into a separate book. If they only have a little bit more time, we can do a mini-series or a 48 page special edition. If things don't work out, we can pull the feature at the end of a story without cancelling the book and run a new series in its place.

Picking the four series that would appear in **First Adventures** was anything but simple. **Dynamo Joe** and **Whisper** already had seen the light of day — **Whisper** in its short-run title from Capital Comics, **Dynamo Joe** in a special preview back-up mini-series in the final three issues of Mars.

When we picked up **Badger** and **Nexus,** we wanted to pick up **Whisper,** but we felt the series deserved monthly exposure. Of course, writer **Steve Grant** and artist **Rich Larson** could hardly wait around for an opening in our schedule: they're both talented, busy guys.

Dynamo Joe is in a similar situation. Creator/artist **Doug Rice** has a more-than-full-time job as production artist here at First Comics; writer **John Ostrander** is busy with **Grimjack, Munden's Bar** and his big Doctor Who play (world premiering here in Chicago next month!).

So **First Adventures** is a natural solution for both these highly-requested properties.

As for **Blaze Barlow and the Eternity Command...**

When I see a proposal that captures my eye (what an image!), I pass it on to crack editorial coordinator **Rick Oliver** to make certain I'm not alone in my enthusiasm. Now Rick's a nice guy, but he's a tough sell: he just doesn't get all that enthusiastic about something until it is signed, sealed and delivered. Generally, I

figure if Rick takes an immediate liking to something I enjoy, it just might work.

So I passed Blaze Barlow on to Mr. Oliver for comment.

He came back with "I want to edit this."

Done.

Creator/writer **Peter Gillis** is an old friend — he's been with First from the first. He had worked with **Kelley Jones** on *The Micronauts* over at Marvel; when *The Micronauts* get cancelled, Kelley and Peter wanted to continue working together. So we all thought it would be nice to keep them together on Blaze Barlow.

But as fate would have it, two things happened in rapid succession: somebody over at Marvel took a look at the sales figures and uncancelled *The Micronauts* (at least, they extended the book for another six to eight issues), and then Kelley got sick. He had to cut back his workload.

Enter **Barry Crain.**

Each week, we see dozens and dozens of proposals, portfolios, scripts and the like — as I've said in my First Notes column, it can take several seasons for us to get to our slush pile. But Barry's stuff stood out — no, it actually *leapt* out! So after completing a **Munden's Bar** story, Barry turned in the first two covers, took on inking Kelley's story for this issue, and will take over as penciller next month.

And that's how comics are created.

I said there are four features, but I've only discussed three. Our fourth story will begin in **First Adventures** #5, on sale in January.

And that's all I'm going to tell you. We've got to leave something to hype at the end of the year, right?

NEXT MONTH — to nobody's surprise, we move on to the second chapters of the first stories in our three **First Adventures** sagas (whew!). We'll see you right here in mid-September!

— Mike Gold

Rick Obadiah, Publisher

Mike Gold, Managing Editor
Rick Oliver, Editorial Coordinator
Alex Wald,
Production Manager

Ralph C. Musicant,
Operations Director
Kathy Kotsivas,
Direct Sales Manager

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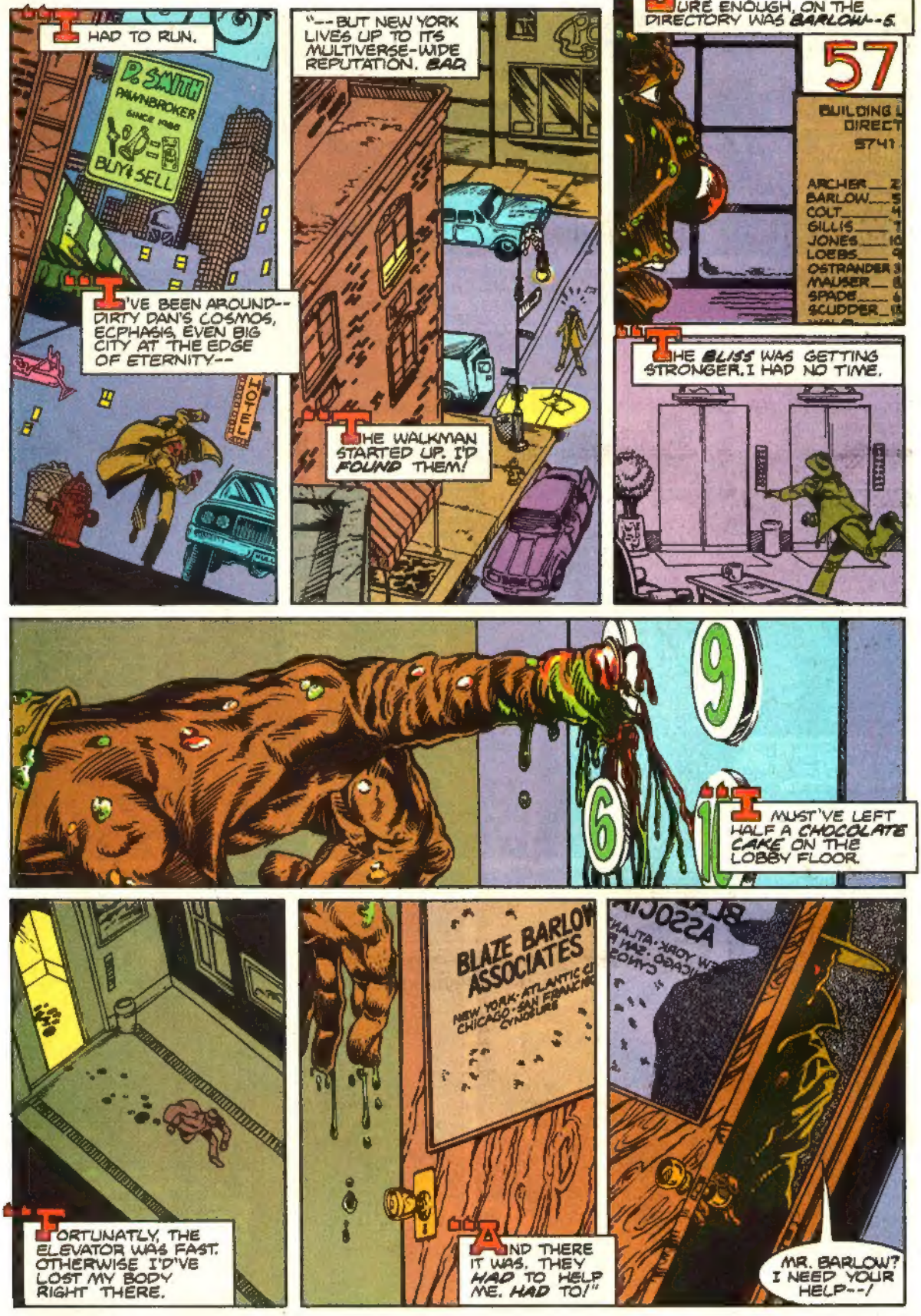
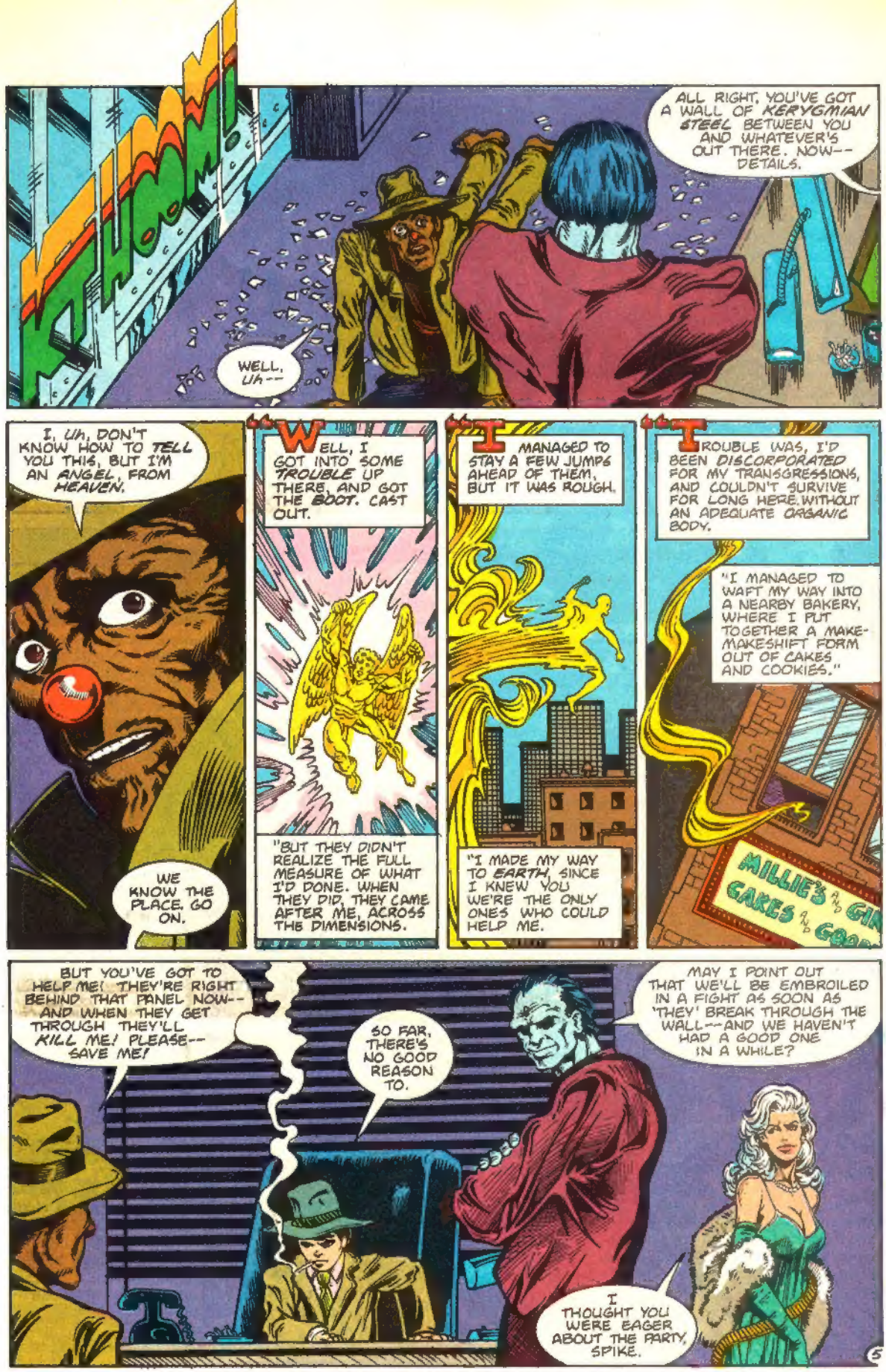
A FIRST COMICS PUBLISHING PRODUCTION

"IT WAS GOING TO START RAINING ANY MINUTE NOW, AND THAT WOULD MELT ME FOR SURE.
"AND BESIDES, I WAS SURE TO BE NOTICED. THE ANTS HAD ALREADY NOTICED.
"THE SMELLY COAT FROM THE TRASHCAN MASKED THE OTHER ODORS--OR WHAT I THOUGHT WERE ODORS.
"AND THEY WERE GETTING CLOSER.
"I WAS TRYING TO MODIFY THE SONY WALKMAN INTO SOMETHING USEFUL--THROW THE HETERODYNE INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION--
"--WHEN I LOST CONCENTRATION AND A WHOLE BUNCH OF GREEN ICING FELL TO THE GROUND.
FLOP
"MY NOSE--NO MATTER HOW I TRIED TO DISGUISE IT--WAS STILL ONLY A MARASCHINO CHERRY.
"I WAS FADING. IT HAD BEEN NONSTOP FLIGHT THROUGH WONDER SPACE SINCE BEING THROWN OUT OF HEAVEN--AND IT WAS CATCHING UP WITH ME.
"AND THEN A WAVE OF WELL-BEING SPREAD OVER ME, AND I REALIZED--SO HAD THEY!


I HAD TO RUN.
P. SMITH PAWNBROKER SINCE 1988 BUY & SELL
I'VE BEEN AROUND--DIRTY DAN'S COSMOS, ECPHASIA, EVEN BIG CITY AT THE EDGE OF ETERNITY--
HOTEL
"--BUT NEW YORK LIVES UP TO ITS MULTIVERSE-WIDE REPUTATION. BAD
THE WALKMAN STARTED UP. I'D FOUND THEM!
SURE ENOUGH, ON THE DIRECTORY WAS BARLOW--6.
57
BUILDING DIRECT
5741
ARCHER 2
BARLOW 5
COLT 4
GILLIS 7
JONES 10
LOEBS 9
OSTRANDER 3
MAUSER 8
SPADE 6
SCUDDER 11
THE BLISS WAS GETTING STRONGER. I HAD NO TIME.
I MUST'VE LEFT HALF A CHOCOLATE CAKE ON THE LOBBY FLOOR.
FORTUNATLY, THE ELEVATOR WAS FAST. OTHERWISE I'D'VE LOST MY BODY RIGHT THERE.
BLAZE BARLOW ASSOCIATES
NEW YORK · ATLANTIC CI
CHICAGO · SAN FRANCIS
CYNOSURE
AND THERE IT WAS. THEY HAD TO HELP ME. HAD TO!"
MR. BARLOW? I NEED YOUR HELP--!

BLAZE BARLOW
AND THE ETERNITY COMMAND
GUNS AND BUTTER
PETER B. GILLIS
CREATOR-WRITER
KELLEY JONES
DESIGNER-PENCILER
BARRY CRAIN
INKER
WILLIE SCHUBERT
LETTERER
ALEX WALD
COLORIST
RICK OLIVER
EDITOR
DOESN'T EVERYBODY? BUT WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO A PARTY, SO MAKE IT QUICK.
AND CALL ME BLAZE.
3

THESE ARE MY ASSOCIATES, NOCTURNE--
DON'T LET BLAZE'S MANNER INTIMIDATE YOU--IT'S ALL FOR SHOW.
--AND SPIKE.
NONETHELESS, WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS PARTY FOR A WHILE. SO DO BE CONCISE.
JUST TELL US WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS, WHO'S AFTER YOU, AND HOW YOU INTEND TO PAY US.
"MY PROBLEM! HOW COULD I BEGIN?"
WELL-- IN THE BEGINNING--"
CHUKKA CHUKKA CHUKKA
"THAT WAS WHEN NEARLY ALL MY SWEETNESS TURNED TO LIGHT! THEY WERE HERE!"


KTHOOM!
WELL, UH--
ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE GOT A WALL OF KERYGMIAN STEEL BETWEEN YOU AND WHATEVER'S OUT THERE. NOW-- DETAILS.
I, UH, DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU THIS, BUT I'M AN ANGEL, FROM HEAVEN.
WE KNOW THE PLACE. GO ON.
WELL, I GOT INTO SOME TROUBLE UP THERE, AND GOT THE BOOT. CAST OUT.
"BUT THEY DIDN'T REALIZE THE FULL MEASURE OF WHAT I'D DONE. WHEN THEY DID, THEY CAME AFTER ME, ACROSS THE DIMENSIONS.
I MANAGED TO STAY A FEW JUMPS AHEAD OF THEM, BUT IT WAS ROUGH.
"I MADE MY WAY TO EARTH, SINCE I KNEW YOU WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO COULD HELP ME.
TROUBLE WAS, I'D BEEN DISCORPORATED FOR MY TRANSGRESSIONS, AND COULDN'T SURVIVE FOR LONG HERE WITHOUT AN ADEQUATE ORGANIC BODY.
"I MANAGED TO WAFT MY WAY INTO A NEARBY BAKERY, WHERE I PUT TOGETHER A MAKE-MAKESHIFT FORM OUT OF CAKES AND COOKIES."
MILLIE'S CAKES
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND THAT PANEL NOW-- AND WHEN THEY GET THROUGH THEY'LL KILL ME! PLEASE-- SAVE ME!
SO FAR, THERE'S NO GOOD REASON TO.
MAY I POINT OUT THAT WE'LL BE EMBROILED IN A FIGHT AS SOON AS 'THEY' BREAK THROUGH THE WALL--AND WE HAVEN'T HAD A GOOD ONE IN A WHILE?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE EAGER ABOUT THE PARTY, SPIKE.

BLAM
ALL RIGHT, BUDDY, FREEZE! ONE MOVE AND YOU'RE DEAD ECTOPLASM!
WELL AS I LIVE AND CONTEMPLATE THE INFINTE--THE APOCALYPSE SQUAD!
I KNOW YOUR REP--THE MEANEST, NASTIEST PACK OF ANGELS AROUND--AND I'LL TELL YOU RIGHT NOW IT DOESN'T IMPRESS ME ONE BIT!
YOUR CLAY PIGEON'S UNDER OUR WING NOW--AND FRANKLY YOU OFFEND MY SENSIBILITIES!
BEAT IT!
KNOW YOU THIS, BLAZE BARLOW--WE'RE GONNA GET WHAT WE CAME FOR--AND YOU SHALL EITHER REGRET IT OR YOU WON'T.
BE NOT A SAP.
I WANT YOU OUT OF HERE.
ALL OF YOU--GET BEHIND ME.
ALL RIGHT, YOU SQUADDERS--SCOURGE 'EM!
6

FIRST NOTES

A PUBLIC SERVICES MESSAGE

Did you ever have to pull yourself away from something really important to answer the telephone, only to discover you were the victim of one of those obnoxious taped solicitations? You say "hello" and the voice on the other end starts to ramble on about the virtues of purchasing some sort of product or service, but you're so angry you can't listen because you know there is absolutely nothing you can do to get back?

Well, there *is* something you can do. Most large "tele-marketing firms" belong to the Direct Marketing Association, and if you write the DMA and tell them you don't want to be bothered with these calls, your name and phone number will be removed from their lists. You may continue to receive calls from local or nonmember firms, but those are comparatively few in number.

So write these folks and tell them to have their members stop bothering you. Be sure you include your name, address, area code and phone number.

Telephone Preference Service
Direct Marketing Association
6 East 43rd Street
New York, NY 10017

AND SPEAKING ABOUT OBNOXIOUS PESTS...

For years now, I've been listening to a great many comics professionals complain about how *Comics Journal* editor **Gary Groth** is a real $*#@! Whereas I often have been sympathetic to both the complaints and the complaintants, I had grown weary of this bitching — as justified as it may be, I'd heard enough. Go and *do* something about it, I say. A few have.

The most recent response to Mr. Groth and that for which he claims to stand is, in my opinion, among the most courageous acts I have seen in the comics field.

It comes from the pen of **William Messner-Loebs,** the gifted writer/artist of *Journey*. On pages six through nine of the September, 1985 issue of *Journey* (#20), Bill turns in a truly fine work of satire, cutting Mr. Groth and his editorial philosophy right to the quick.

This is an extreme act of courage because *Journey* is published by Fantagraphics Books; the "editorial co-ordinator (sic)" is Gary Groth.

I don't know too many people who have the guts to lambast their boss on the boss's own turf. My hat's off to you, Bill.

And my hat's off to Gary Groth as well. After all, he published the story, and that takes a certain security of ego that I never before had reason to believe the man possessed.

Check out *Journey* #20 and see what I mean. Who knows — you just might like what I consider to be one of the finest comics being published today.

NEXT MONTH...

...we're going to tell you about a new project that takes First off on an entirely new direction...

...And we're going to tell you all about our new offices and expanded staff!

—Mike Gold

THE DANCER WERE THE HARDEST EGG EVER BOILED. EV' BODY KNOW THAT.
AH, C'MON, SCRAP! WHAT ABOUT HIM WHAT OWNS THIS JOINT?
YOU EVER HEAR OF A DUDE TOUGHER'N GRIMJACK, CAL?
MACALISTAIRE.

FIRST IN AUGUST

American Flagg! #27 — The book-length conclusion to **Alan Moore's** Kansas saga, as our entire cast of characters — including Reuben Flagg himself — join forces to try and put an end to the strangest phenomenon to hit Kansas since Toto was a kite! **Don Lomax** draws; **Howard Chaykin** cover.

Elric: Sailor on the Seas of Fate #4 (limited series) — The midway point in the **Roy Thomas-Michael T. Gilbert-George Freeman** adaptation of the **Michael Moorcock** classic!

First Adventures #1 — The continuation of **Whisper,** by **Steven Grant** and **Rich Larson!** The return of **Dynamo Joe,** by **John Ostrander** and **Doug Rice!** And ... introducing ... **Blaze Barlow and the Eternity Command,** by **Peter B. Gillis, Kelley Jones** and **Barry Crain!** All in the first issue of First's heroic anthology monthly, **First Adventures!**

Grimjack #17 — **John Ostrander** and **Timothy Truman's** conclusion to Wolfpac — and the start of the most epic battle ever to hit the multidimensional city of Cynosure! All this ... and Munden's Bar, too!

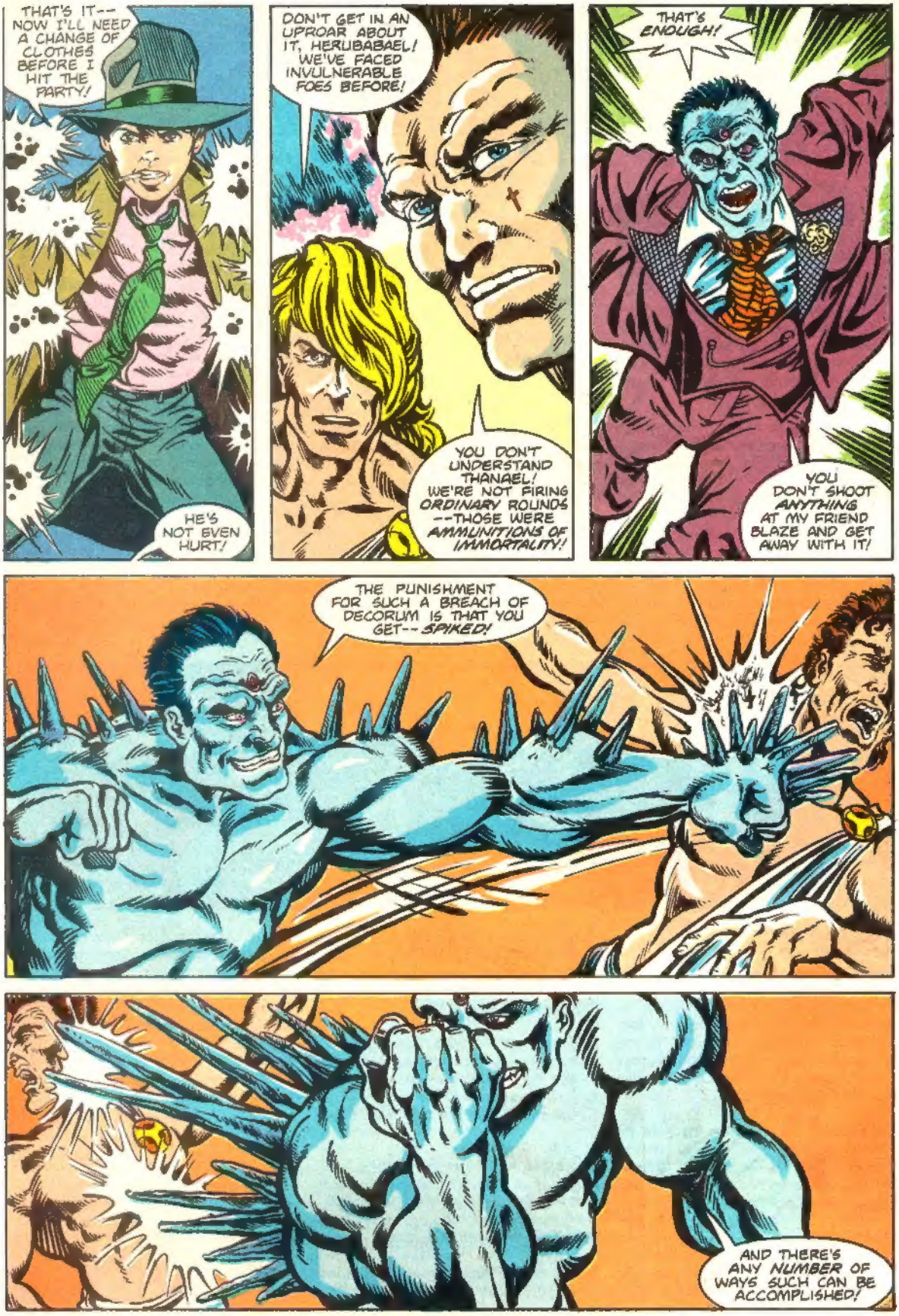
Jon Sable, Freelance #31 — Back to 28 pages of all-**Mike Grell** action, as Sable and friends hit Central America! Ripped from today's headlines, be sure not to miss "The Gauntlet!"

Nexus #15 — Nexus emerges from the tank, "cured" and ready for action! But... is the universe ready for Nexus? Don't be too certain! **Mike Baron, Steve Rude** and **Eric Shanower** provide the thrills ... and Baron teams up with **Mark A. Nelson** for another chapter in the warped career of Clonezone the Hilariator!

Original E-Man and Michael Mauser #3 (limited series) — Re-presenting three **Nicola Cuti-Joe Staton** classics, including *two* hard-to-find Mike Mauser solo stories!

Shatter #1 — Now in his own bi-monthly book, the most talked about new comics series in decades! **Michael Saenz** writes and draws the continuing adventures of **Shatter,** with a little help from Apple Macintosh!

•


THAT'S IT-- NOW I'LL NEED A CHANGE OF CLOTHES BEFORE I HIT THE PARTY!
HE'S NOT EVEN HURT!
DON'T GET IN AN UPROAR ABOUT IT, HERUBABAEL! WE'VE FACED INVULNERABLE FOES BEFORE!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THANAEL! WE'RE NOT FIRING ORDINARY ROUNDS --THOSE WERE AMMUNITIONS OF IMMORTALITY!
THAT'S ENOUGH!
YOU DON'T SHOOT ANYTHING AT MY FRIEND BLAZE AND GET AWAY WITH IT!
THE PUNISHMENT FOR SUCH A BREACH OF DECORUM IS THAT YOU GET-- SPIKED!
AND THERE'S ANY NUMBER OF WAYS SUCH CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED!

THANKS, SPIKE. AND NOW THAT THEY'VE GIVEN US THE MEANS--
--WE'LL TAKE THE FIGHT TO THEM!
BLAZE! YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE THOSE HAVE BEEN!
AFRAID THEY'LL STUNT MY GROWTH?
BLAM BLAM
LOOK OUT, YOU MANNA-MOUTHED SONS O' CHERUBS!
NO--GET OUT, YOU THEOLOG.CALLY-IMPOSSIBLE BOZOS, BEFORE I SHOW YOU WHAT THE ETERNITY COMMAND IS REALLY CAPABLE OF!
YOU THINK YOU'RE SO BLESSED POWERFUL, DON'T YOU? WELL IT'S NOT OVER YET!
EAT OF THIS, SUCKERS!
NOW--LET'S GET OUT OF HERE SQUADDERS!
HOSANNAAAA
8

Collecting DUST:

A Guide to Preserving Comic Books by Charles Meyerson Part 3

So far this series has examined ways to preserve your comics by managing their environment: storing them in plastic bags and acid-free boxes or envelopes, keeping them away from heat, light, humidity extremes and food. Meanwhile, ticking away within your comics is the time bomb known as "inherent vice" — the chemical instability of most paper used for comic books.

The tree pulp used to make most comic-book paper includes lignin, which holds tree cells together. Exposed to air, lignin turns paper brown and releases acid. The acid, eating away at paper fibers, makes paper turn brittle and crumble.

The experts agree that once paper reaches that stage, you're too late. You can take preventive action, but it's not cheap.

DEACIDIFICATION CAN NEUTRALIZE the acid in pulp paper. **Jim Saunders,** a chemical engineer who's been treating comic books commercially for about two years, notes that the materials are generally available to the public. He says he uses Wei T'o products: sprays and solutions that neutralize acids and leave behind an alkaline buffer to prevent further decay.

"The active ingredient is magnesium carbonate," he says. "I prefer the spray. It dries a lot quicker and there's less chance for the ink to run. If I'm going to dip a comic in solution, I'll test it — on a little spot on the back of the cover or something. Then I look at the color of the remaining solution, and if I see a little red trace, I know it's leached out some of the red ink, and I don't use it."

One of the earliest scholars of comic book preservation, **William Sarill** — a physicist who now works under the title "Conservator of Ephemera" — warns that deacidifying solution can "greatly damage covers, if it's not applied the right way." Sarill says he's found a way around the problem; but, he says, "Nobody who has not been trained by me should attempt it."

IF YOU DO ATTEMPT it, **Bill Cole Enterprises** is offering a can of deacidification spray for about $15, but it's only enough to treat a few pages. To treat large numbers of books, Saunders says, "you're going to need a compressor, a spray gun, and some sort of commercial space. It makes a mess. The organic solvent is somewhat toxic. You don't want to be breathing it or using it inside your room. You want to have a spray booth or some sort of a hood."

At Chicago's Newberry Library, paper conservator **Cathy Atwood** says that, for all but the most valuable items, deacidification may not be worth the trouble. Depending on the method, the difficulty and the size of the job, costs per page can run from 10 cents to about a dollar for Sarill's services.

Deacidification will help protect your collection against the ravages of time. But has time already taken its toll? Have the front and back covers begun to separate? Has the cat used your books as a scratching post? In youthful enthusiasm for comics collecting — did you reinforce the spine with (sigh) Scotch tape? You may want to consider the art of restoration.

"THE WORST THING you can do is use Scotch tape to repair a tear," Saunders says. "The whole area where the tape has been will just turn brown."

Another common mistake, according to Atwood, is using a dilute solution of Elmer's Glue to make a worn cover look glossy. "It does put some gloss back in your cover, but even in a very thin solution, it's going to become brittle. Then your cover's going to crack up a lot."

Doing restoration yourself is *not* advised. Sarill says, "I still see a great deal of the damage done to books by people attempting to make their own repairs. It's better to leave a book unrepaired than to do a bad repair job."

HOW DO THE experts handle it?

Holes in the cover? Saunders: "First, you try to pick the right paper for repairs, something with the same overall background color. I mix up a batch of paper pulp and sort of work it into the hole and let it dry. Then, I'll re-ink it by hand, to try to match the original artwork. But there are some things I can't reproduce. I can handle Mickey Mouse's foot. But really small lettering, in an advertisement or something — that gets out of control. Sometimes, if there's a great big piece missing, gosh, you don't know *what's* there!" (Sarill says he's developed a photographic technique for replacing small lettering precisely.)

Ripped page? Atwood: "We repair it with a long-fiber, hand-made Japanese paper and a conservation adhesive." Even then, the patch may prove stronger than the surrounding material, causing a fragile page to crack.

Of course, expert restoration doesn't come cheaply. Saunders says repair and deacidification of a typical comic book — with say, a torn spine, a crease-marked cover, rounded corners, a loose centerfold page — could run as much as $60. For restoring a comic afflicted by mold, surface dirt, discoloration, tears, missing pieces, rusted staples ... Sarill's charges can run as high as $2,000 a book.

IF YOU'RE SERIOUS about this, Sarill offers private instruction in restoration of old comics. $1,500 for five days.

Once you've restored and deacidified a book, you may want to isolate it from a harsh and uncaring world once and for all. Bill Cole Enterprises has just the answer: it'll *seal* your comics individually in polyester bags, for prices ranging up to $3 per book, depending on the number of books and the thickness of the plastic. Under development: a process that would seal comics inside bags *and* replace the air in the bags with an inert gas.

Of course, that makes comics impossible to read, which may explain why Cole characterizes demand as "very, very moderate."

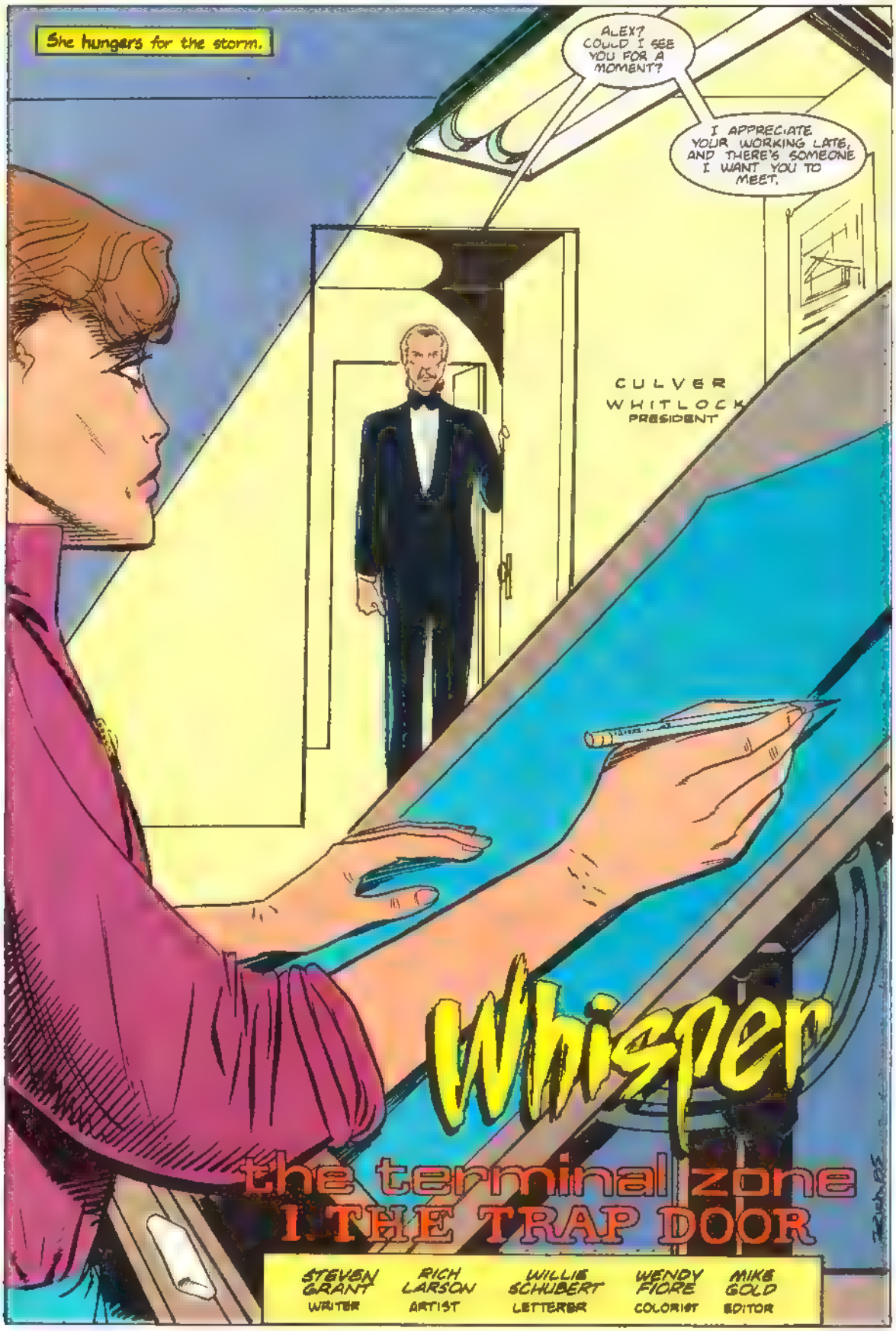
NEXT TIME: Fires, floods, earthquakes and nuclear holocaust. Until then, you may want to contact the experts for more information.

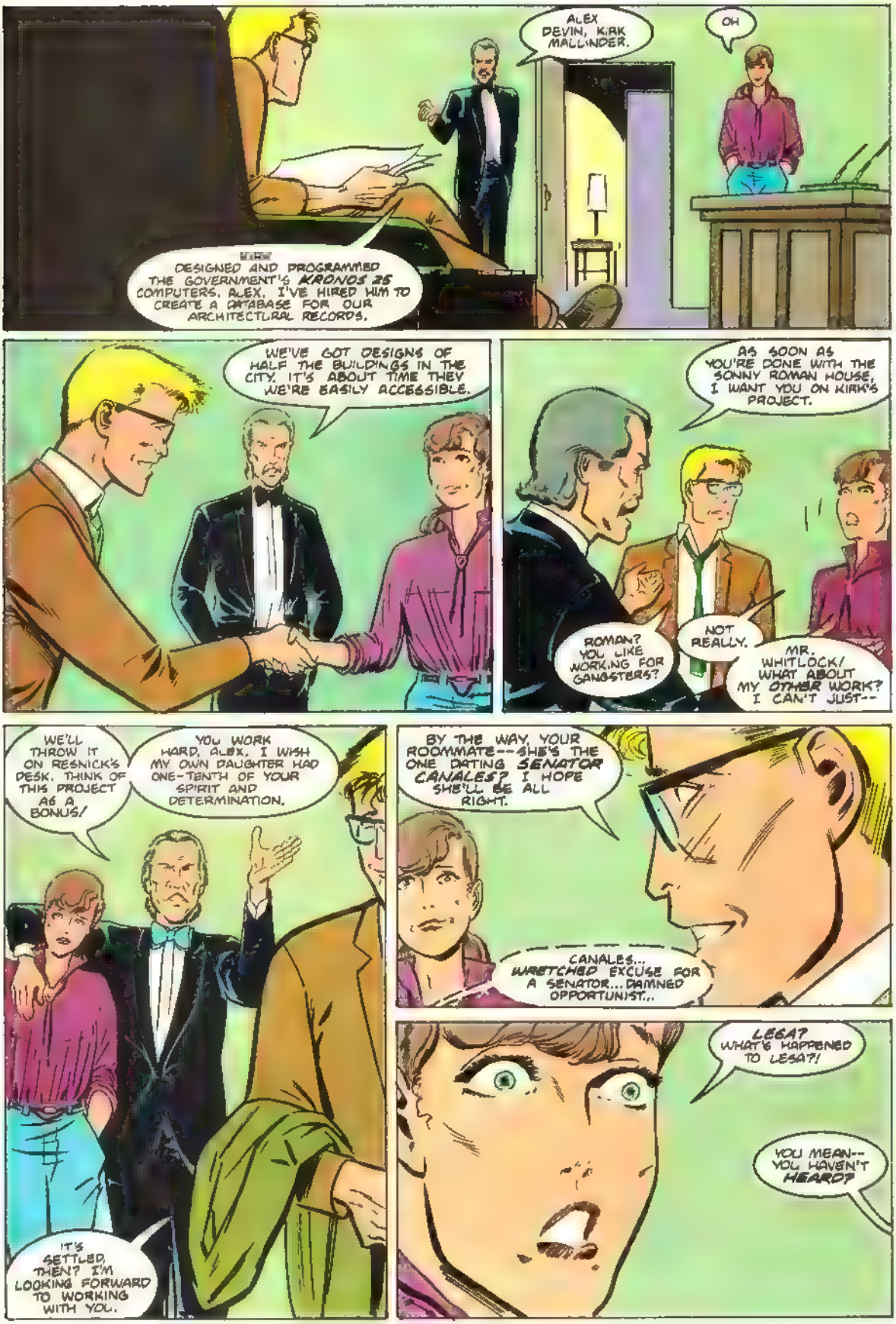
Cathy Atwood, Newberry Library, 60 W. Walton, Chicago, IL 60610
Bill Cole, P.O. Box 60, Dept. 595, Wollaston, MA 02170
William Sarill, "Conservator of Ephemera," P.O. Box 729, Cambridge, MA 02139
Jim Saunders, "Restorations," P.O. Box 1194, Minden, NV 89423
.. or, your friendly neighborhood librarian

(Charlie Meyerson awakes each weekday at 4:23 a.m. to deliver the morning news on WXRT Radio (93.1 FM) in Chicago.)

NO! IT'S A TRANSCENDENTAL RANDOMIZER! IT COULD THROW US ANYWHERE IN COSMIC INFINITY! WE'D BE LOST FOREVER!
BLAZE, WHAT DO WE DO?
QUIET. I'M THINKING.
HMMM, YES. IT'S A CHEAP TRICK, BUT IT JUST MIGHT WORK--!
LUCKILY, THIS IS THE INVITATION TO OUR PARTY--
--AND THE MEANS OF GETTING THERE!
HANG ON, FOLKS! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
YES--
--PROVIDED THEY LET US IN DRESSED LIKE THIS.
KABOOOOOM
THE PARTY ANIMAL

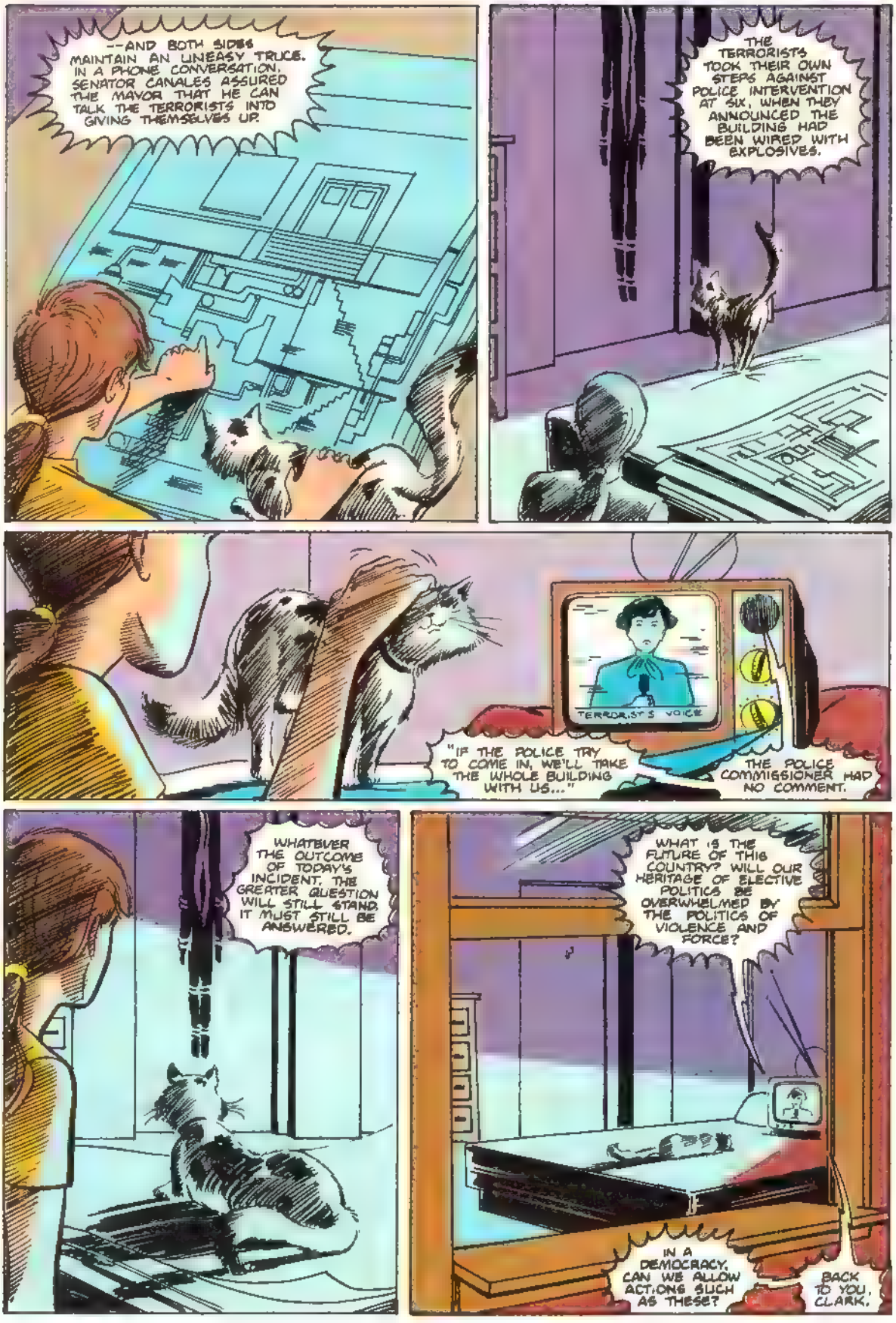
From the diary of Lesa Lorenson:
12 September 1985. Alex has changed.
WHITLOCK BUILDING
She seems calm, anxious to be anonymous, to live a normal life.
But her stepfather's suicide brought out a strength in her that hadn't surfaced since she fought off polio as a child.
DAILY GLOBE
TERRORISTS THREATEN SENATOR
Can she bottle that up again? Not knowing is like living under a volcano.
She seems calm, but her eyes flare too often now. She works too much. She taps her fingers, stares out windows.
She keeps her costume in the closet.
I don't like seeing her this way. Her calm is hollow.


She hungers for the storm.
ALEX? COULD I SEE YOU FOR A MOMENT?
I APPRECIATE YOUR WORKING LATE, AND THERE'S SOMEONE I WANT YOU TO MEET.
CULVER WHITLOCK
PRESIDENT
Whisper
the terminal zone
1. THE TRAP DOOR
STEVEN GRANT
WRITER
RICH LARSON
ARTIST
WILLIE SCHUBERT
LETTERER
WENDY FIORE
COLORIST
MIKE GOLD
EDITOR


ALEX DEVIN, KIRK MALLINDER.
OH
DESIGNED AND PROGRAMMED THE GOVERNMENT'S KRONOS 25 COMPUTERS, ALEX. I'VE HIRED HIM TO CREATE A DATABASE FOR OUR ARCHITECTURAL RECORDS.
WE'VE GOT DESIGNS OF HALF THE BUILDINGS IN THE CITY. IT'S ABOUT TIME THEY WE'RE EASILY ACCESSIBLE.
AS SOON AS YOU'RE DONE WITH THE SONNY ROMAN HOUSE, I WANT YOU ON KIRK'S PROJECT.
ROMAN? YOU LIKE WORKING FOR GANGSTERS?
NOT REALLY.
MR. WHITLOCK! WHAT ABOUT MY OTHER WORK? I CAN'T JUST--
WE'LL THROW IT ON RESNICK'S DESK. THINK OF THIS PROJECT AS A BONUS!
YOU WORK HARD, ALEX. I WISH MY OWN DAUGHTER HAD ONE-TENTH OF YOUR SPIRIT AND DETERMINATION.
IT'S SETTLED, THEN? I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO WORKING WITH YOU.
BY THE WAY, YOUR ROOMMATE--SHE'S THE ONE DATING SENATOR CANALES? I HOPE SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
CANALES... WRETCHED EXCUSE FOR A SENATOR... DAMNED OPPORTUNIST...
LESA? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO LESA?!
YOU MEAN-- YOU HAVEN'T HEARD?

Daily Globe
TERRORISTS HOLD SENATOR!
THERE'S CANALES NOW. BE SURE YOU GET ALL THIS ON TAPE.
YEAH, YEAH,,
CANALES
VOTE
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WELCOME! WELCOME TO THE OPENING OF MY RE-ELECTION CAMPAIGN!
CANALES IS OUR MAN
I'M STARTING EARLY BECAUSE THERE'S A LOT OF WORK TO BE DONE--AND I'M COUNTING ON YOUR HELP TO DO IT!
TV2
TOGETHER WE SHOWED WASHINGTON WHAT NEW YORKERS ARE MADE OF-- AND TOGETHER, WE CAN DO IT AGAIN!
ISN'T THIS A BIT MUCH JOHN? NOBODY MAKES A STINK LIKE THIS...
PUBLICITY'S PUBLICITY, LESA-- AND A LITTLE POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE NEVER HURT ANYBODY
WITH THESE SQUADRON 49 CLOWNS, AND THE WAY THE NEWS IS HAMMERING AT MY RECORD, I NEED ALL THE HELP I CAN--

MOVE EASY, SENATOR.
YOU OUT THERE-- COPS! THIS IS SQUADRON 44!
ANY SHOOTING AND THE GIRL GOES FIRST!
POLICE
IT HAS BEEN ELEVEN HOURS SINCE THE SIEGE AT CANALES HEADQUARTERS BEGAN ELEVEN HOURS--
1, 1985 The Tribune page two
POLITICAL HOSTAGE DRAMA
(continued from page one) four hostages, including two campaign workers and fashion model Lesa Lorenson, who has been romantically linked to the senator Police sources
the talented writer's lyrics included his last hit, "I Love
I hear those ice cream bells and I start to drool
a couple quarters in my locker at school
yeah, but chocolate's getting old,
vanilla just leaves me cold, there's
flavor good and
for me, yeah,
give me no
taste spoon I
what I need.
Yeah I
Rocky Road
don't you go and
a half-a-gallon
Love Rocky
Road
another trip
scoop with
Cherry
ice cream
are all
goods
know my

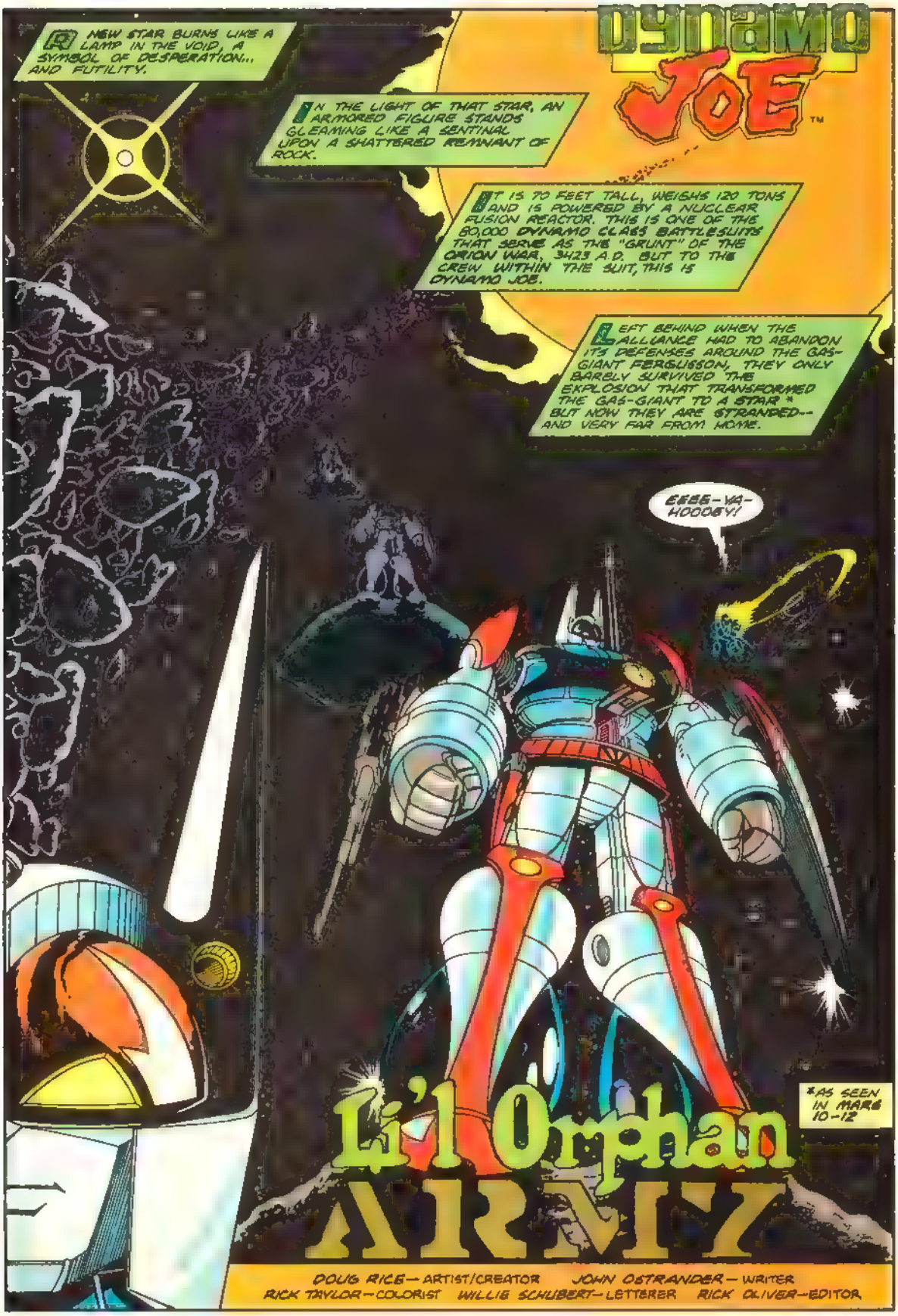

--AND BOTH SIDES MAINTAIN AN UNEASY TRUCE. IN A PHONE CONVERSATION, SENATOR CANALES ASSURED THE MAYOR THAT HE CAN TALK THE TERRORISTS INTO GIVING THEMSELVES UP.
THE TERRORISTS TOOK THEIR OWN STEPS AGAINST POLICE INTERVENTION AT SIX, WHEN THEY ANNOUNCED THE BUILDING HAD BEEN WIRED WITH EXPLOSIVES.
TERRORIST'S VOICE
"IF THE POLICE TRY TO COME IN, WE'LL TAKE THE WHOLE BUILDING WITH US..."
THE POLICE COMMISSIONER HAD NO COMMENT.
WHATEVER THE OUTCOME OF TODAY'S INCIDENT, THE GREATER QUESTION WILL STILL STAND. IT MUST STILL BE ANSWERED.
WHAT IS THE FUTURE OF THIS COUNTRY? WILL OUR HERITAGE OF ELECTIVE POLITICS BE OVERWHELMED BY THE POLITICS OF VIOLENCE AND FORCE?
IN A DEMOCRACY, CAN WE ALLOW ACTIONS SUCH AS THESE?
BACK TO YOU, CLARK.

From the diary of Lesa Lorenson:
I read this article about people who had unique, exciting experiences.
HOW MUCH LONGER DO WE HAVE TO KEEP THIS UP? IT'S HOT IN THIS THING!
SHUT UP! YOU WANT THEM TO HEAR?
LEARN TO PLAY THE CROWD, JACKSON. WHEN I WALK OUT OF HERE, I'LL WALK OUT A HERO!
YOU GET OUT THROUGH THE CELLAR TUNNEL, BLOW THE PLACE, AND EVERYONE'LL THINK YOU'RE DEAD.
There's a thrill that comes from beating the odds, from facing down death.
The greater the thrill, the harder going back to an ordinary existence is
AFTER THIS DISPLAY, NO ONE WILL LISTEN TO SQUADRON 44'S SLURS AGAINST ME, EITHER...
WHA--?
SOMEONE CUT THE LIGHTS!
THIS BUILDING HAS IT'S OWN GENERATOR--SO SOMEONE ELSE IS IN HERE!
CHARLIE, CHECK IT OUT! NO ONE ELSE MOVE!
People remember those moments all their lives. Some--most, maybe--long to relive them.
I DUNNO... DON'T LOOK LIKE NOBODY'S HERE, JACKSON. MAYBE THE GENERATOR JUST QUIT.
Some seize any opportunity.

HEY!
WHAP!
Is Alex that sort of person? I don't know. I only see the edginess, the hunger, and I'm not sure I know her anymore.
LISTEN TO ME! COME OUT OR I'LL BLOW HER HEAD OFF. I'M NOT KIDDING!
She only put on the costume in the first place to help someone she loved.
NOW! I MEAN IT!
Nothing she loves is alive anymore. Nothing except Sasha.
Sasha, and me.
A BLACKBIRD. ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!
BYE-BYE, BLACKBIRD.

BLAM!
ARRGH!
LESA! RUN!
IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO WORK LIKE THIS... IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO WORK LIKE THIS...
DON'T SHOOT! IT'S US -- WE'RE COMING OUT!
LIKE HELL.
BLAM! BLAM!

OFFICERS! THEY SAY THEY WON'T BE TAKEN ALIVE! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
HIS FAULT. HIS DAMN FAULT. SHOULDN'T'VE SHOT ME..
YOU DID THIS .. CAN'T GO NOW.. YOU WANT TO DIE WITH ME? WHY DON'T YOU DIE WITH ME?
CAMPAIGN HQ
WHERE'D YOU GO? YOU CAN'T GO NOW .. GOIN' DIE WITH ME. 'MEMBER?
GOIN DE.
BAR-ROOM!
POLICE
ALEX?
ALEX!
To be continued ..


A NEW STAR BURNS LIKE A LAMP IN THE VOID, A SYMBOL OF DESPERATION... AND FUTILITY.
IN THE LIGHT OF THAT STAR, AN ARMORED FIGURE STANDS GLEAMING LIKE A SENTINAL UPON A SHATTERED REMNANT OF ROCK.
IT IS 70 FEET TALL, WEIGHS 120 TONS AND IS POWERED BY A NUCLEAR FUSION REACTOR. THIS IS ONE OF THE 80,000 DYNAMO CLASS BATTLESUITS THAT SERVE AS THE "GRUNT" OF THE ORION WAR, 3423 A.D. BUT TO THE CREW WITHIN THE SUIT, THIS IS DYNAMO JOE.
LEFT BEHIND WHEN THE ALLIANCE HAD TO ABANDON ITS DEFENSES AROUND THE GAS-GIANT FERGUSSON, THEY ONLY BARELY SURVIVED THE EXPLOSION THAT TRANSFORMED THE GAS-GIANT TO A STAR * BUT NOW THEY ARE STRANDED-- AND VERY FAR FROM HOME.
EEEE-YA-HOOOBY!
DYNAMO JOE™
Li'l Orphan ARMY
*AS SEEN IN MARS 10-12
DOUG RICE—ARTIST/CREATOR JOHN OSTRANDER—WRITER
RICK TAYLOR—COLORIST WILLIE SCHUBERT—LETTERER RICK OLIVER—EDITOR

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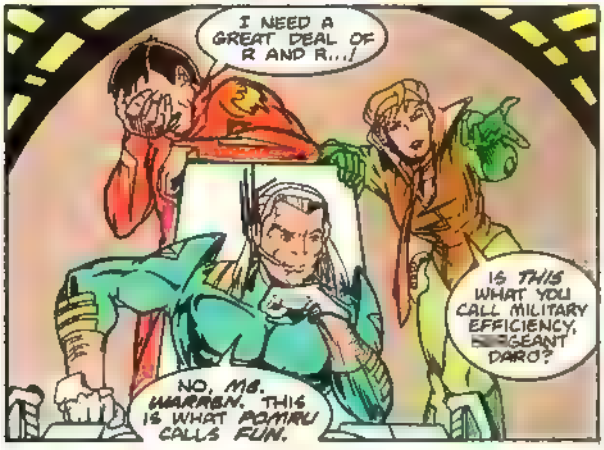
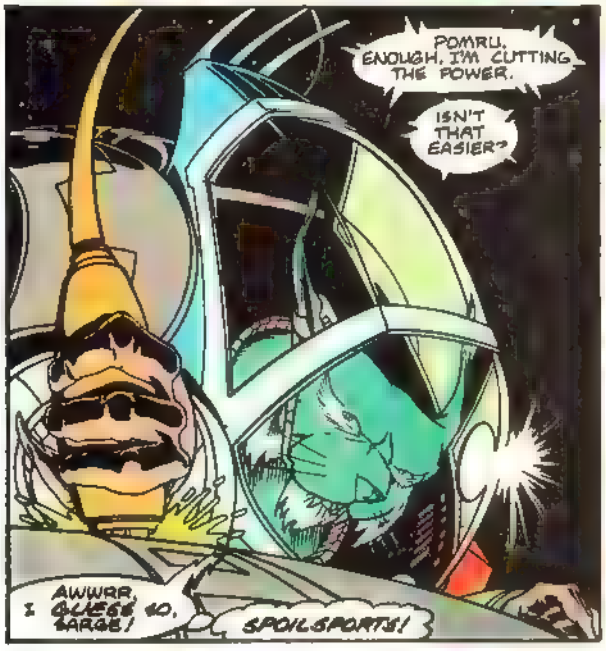
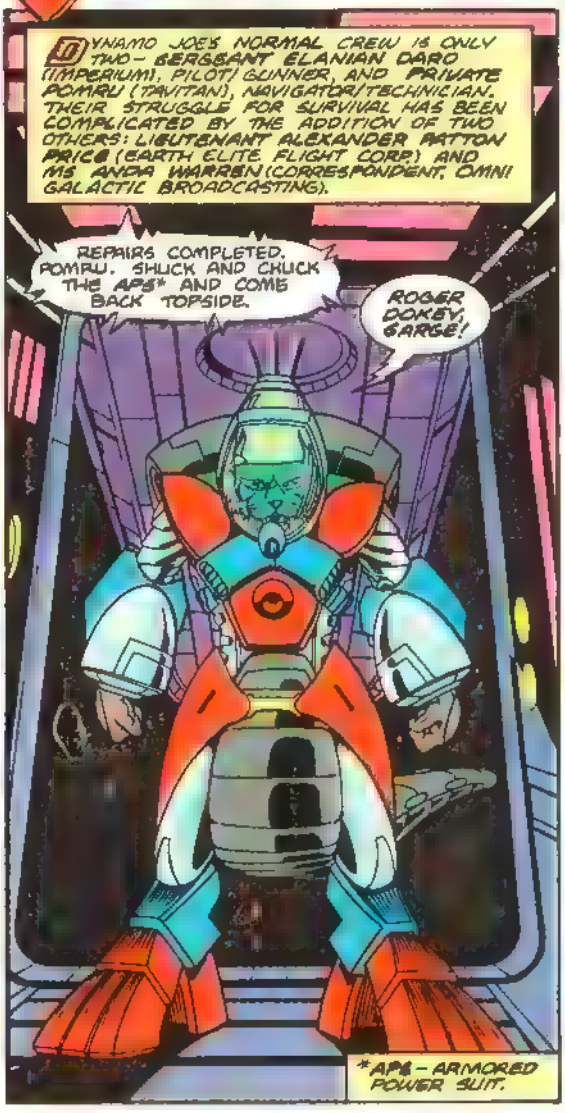
POMRU, IF WE CUT POWER TO THAT CABLE YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO FINISH ATTACHING IT TO THE PLASMA TURRET.
NIX, SARGE! I CAN HANDLE THE BLITZ-RABBIN SCHNABCRABBER WHOA-HO-HOLY TUNAAAA!


I NEED A GREAT DEAL OF R AND R...!
IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL MILITARY EFFICIENCY, SERGEANT DARO?
NO, MS. WARREN. THIS IS WHAT POMRU CALLS FUN.


POMRU, ENOUGH. I'M CUTTING THE POWER.
ISN'T THAT EASIER?
AWWRR, I GUESS SO, SARGE!
SPOILSPORTS!


DYNAMO JOE'S NORMAL CREW IS ONLY TWO – SERGEANT ELANIAN DARO (IMPERIUM), PILOT/GUNNER, AND PRIVATE POMRU (TAVITAN), NAVIGATOR/TECHNICIAN. THEIR STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL HAS BEEN COMPLICATED BY THE ADDITION OF TWO OTHERS: LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER PATTON PRICE (EARTH ELITE FLIGHT CORP.) AND MS. ANDA WARREN (CORRESPONDENT, OMNI GALACTIC BROADCASTING).
REPAIRS COMPLETED, POMRU. SHUCK AND CHUCK THE APS* AND COME BACK TOPSIDE.
ROGER DOKEY, SARGE!
*APS – ARMORED POWER SUIT.

WHY DOES PUSS-IN-ARMORED-BOOTS USE SUCH ODD EXPRESSIONS, SERGEANT DARO?
POMRU'S A BIG FAN OF EARTH CULTURE, MS WARREN. LIKES TO USE YOUR OLD SLANG.
PLEASE, CALL ME 'ANDY'. SHOULDN'T SOMEONE TELL HIM HE GETS IT WRONG?
I WOULDN'T KNOW, MS WARREN. I'M OF THE IMPERIUM.

DEAR ME, IT'S A BIT STUFFY UP HERE. I'M GETTING CLAUSTROPHOBIC. I NEED TO DO MY WU LI MEDITATIONS... ALONE PLEASE? UNDISTURBED?
TRY THE LEVEL BELOW, MS. WARREN. IT'S PRESENTLY UNOCCUPIED.

OM CHURREE KURREE YOM. OM CHURREE KURREE YOM.
AHH, THIS IS MUCH BETTER! OM CHURREE..

BE CAREFUL POMRU DOESN'T TRIP OVER YOU ON HIS WAY UP.
THUD! YOWRR!
AH, WELL...

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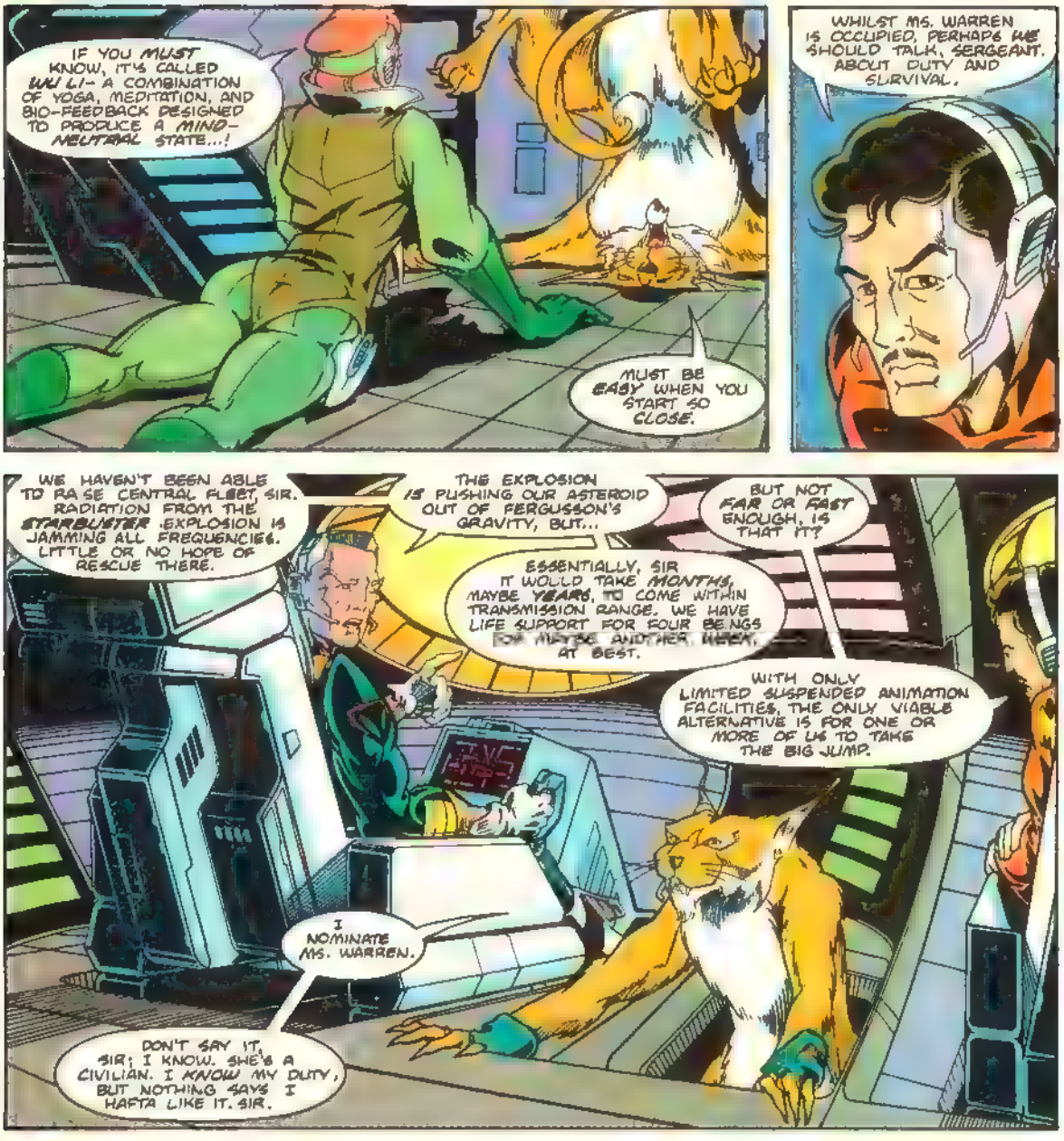
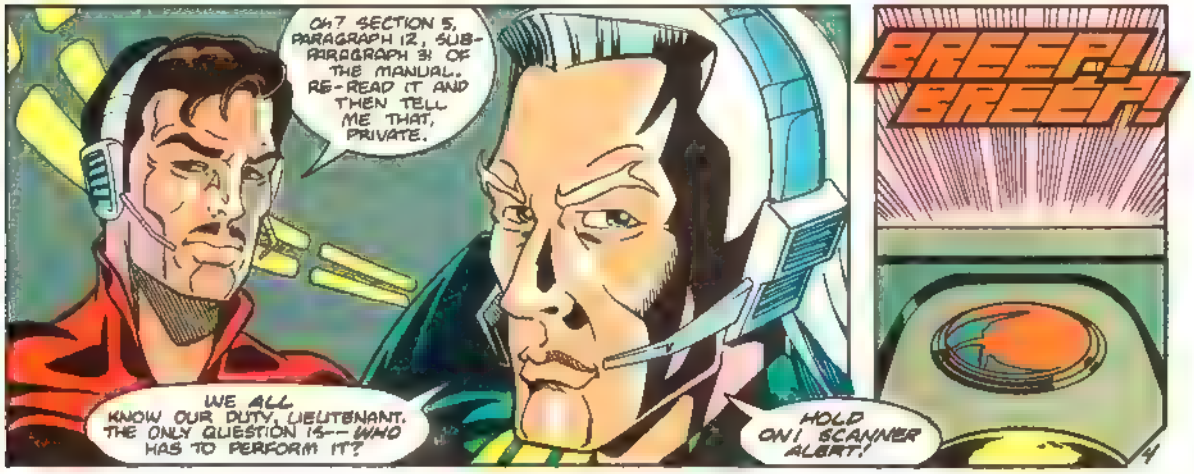
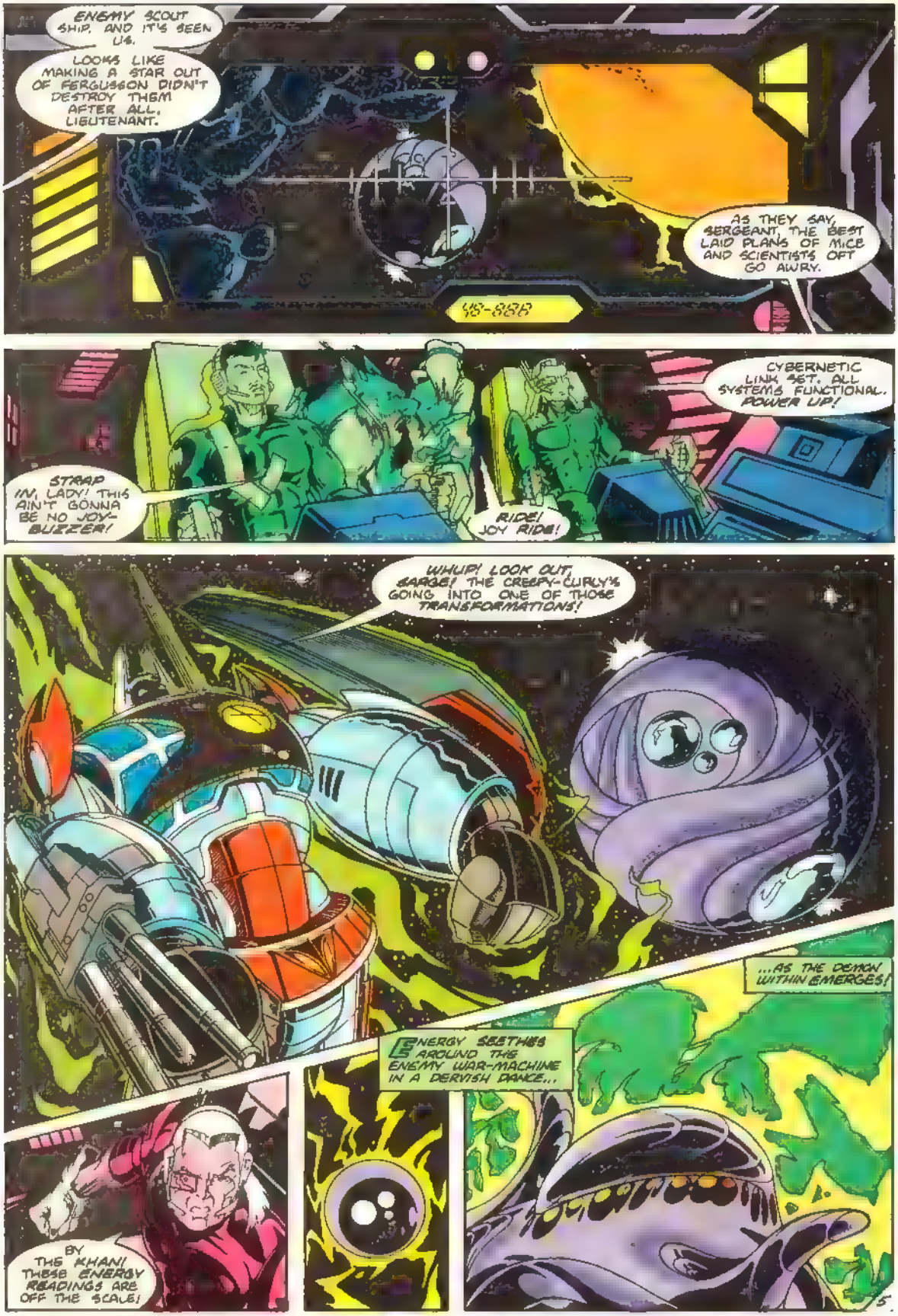
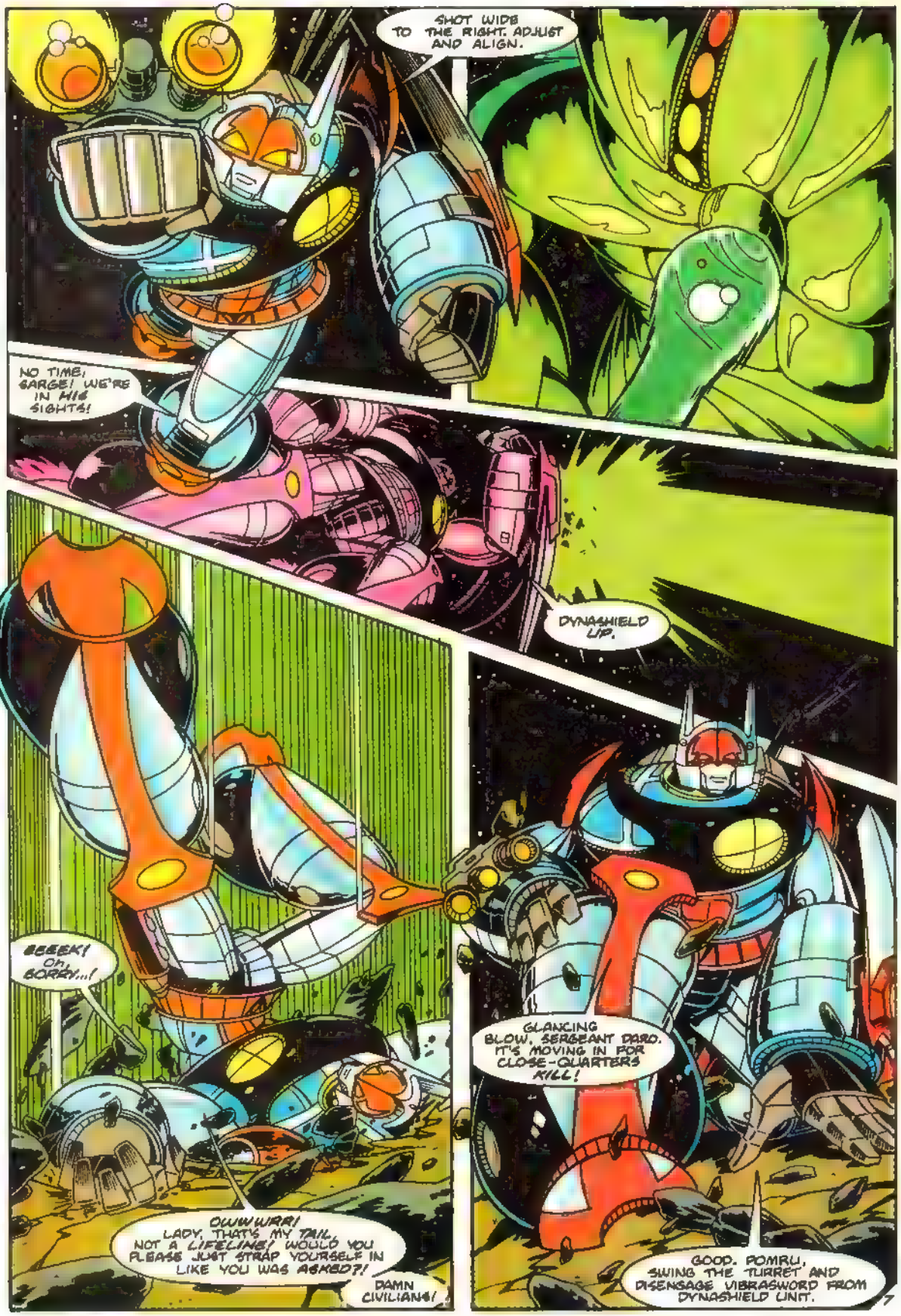

IF YOU MUST KNOW, IT'S CALLED WU LI- A COMBINATION OF YOGA, MEDITATION, AND BIO-FEEDBACK DESIGNED TO PRODUCE A MIND-NEUTRAL STATE...!
MUST BE EASY WHEN YOU START SO CLOSE.
WHILST MS. WARREN IS OCCUPIED, PERHAPS WE SHOULD TALK, SERGEANT, ABOUT DUTY AND SURVIVAL.
WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO RAISE CENTRAL FLEET, SIR. RADIATION FROM THE STARBUSTER EXPLOSION IS JAMMING ALL FREQUENCIES. LITTLE OR NO HOPE OF RESCUE THERE.
THE EXPLOSION IS PUSHING OUR ASTEROID OUT OF FERGUSSON'S GRAVITY, BUT...
BUT NOT FAR OR FAST ENOUGH, IS THAT IT?
ESSENTIALLY, SIR IT WOULD TAKE MONTHS, MAYBE YEARS, TO COME WITHIN TRANSMISSION RANGE. WE HAVE LIFE SUPPORT FOR FOUR BEINGS FOR MAYBE ANOTHER WEEK, AT BEST.
WITH ONLY LIMITED SUSPENDED ANIMATION FACILITIES, THE ONLY VIABLE ALTERNATIVE IS FOR ONE OR MORE OF US TO TAKE THE BIG JUMP.
I NOMINATE MS. WARREN.
DON'T SAY IT, SIR; I KNOW. SHE'S A CIVILIAN. I KNOW MY DUTY, BUT NOTHING SAYS I HAFTA LIKE IT, SIR.

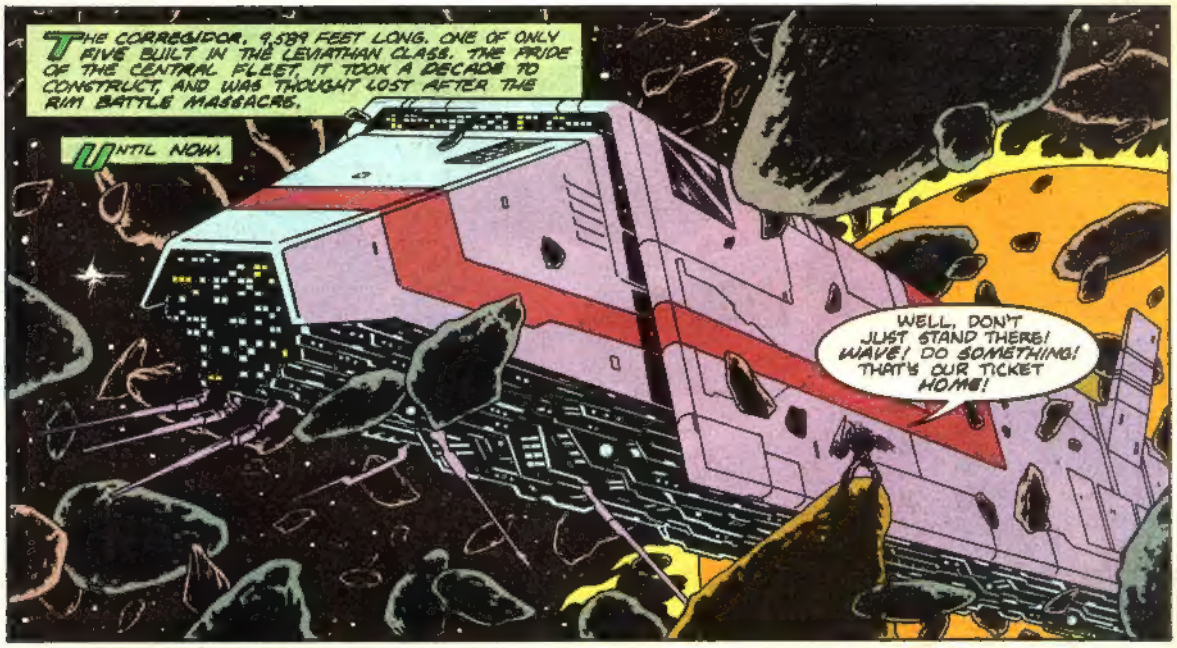

04.7 SECTION 5, PARAGRAPH 12, SUB-PARAGRAPH 3! OF THE MANUAL. RE-READ IT AND THEN TELL ME THAT, PRIVATE.
WE ALL KNOW OUR DUTY, LIEUTENANT. THE ONLY QUESTION IS-- WHO HAS TO PERFORM IT?
BREEP! BREEP!
HOLD ON! SCANNER ALERT!


ENEMY SCOUT SHIP, AND IT'S SEEN US.
LOOKS LIKE MAKING A STAR OUT OF FERGUSSON DIDN'T DESTROY THEM AFTER ALL, LIEUTENANT.
AS THEY SAY, SERGEANT, THE BEST LAID PLANS OF MICE AND SCIENTISTS OFT GO AWRY.
48-68B
CYBERNETIC LINK SET. ALL SYSTEMS FUNCTIONAL. POWER UP!
STRAP IN, LADY! THIS AIN'T GONNA BE NO JOY-BUZZER!
RIDE! JOY RIDE!
WHUP! LOOK OUT, SARGE! THE CREEPY-CURLY'S GOING INTO ONE OF THOSE TRANSFORMATIONS!
...AS THE DEMON WITHIN EMERGES!
ENERGY SEETHES AROUND THE ENEMY WAR-MACHINE IN A DERVISH DANCE...
BY THE KHAN! THESE ENERGY READINGS ARE OFF THE SCALE!
5

DATA ENTRY: ENEMY HAS TRANSMUTED INTO ATTACK CONFIGURATION 2-3 TIMES OUR HEIGHT AND FOUR TIMES OUR MASS.
POMAU! RUN FULL INSTRUMENT ANALYSIS AND GIVE ME THE CURSORY, A.S.A.P.!
AM BRINGING FIGHT TO THE ENEMY. INITIATING BOOT ION ROCKETS... NOW!
WHICH WE HAVE NO DEFENCE AGAINST. EMPLOYING PLASMA GUN TURRET!
OH GAWD! OH GAWD! UH, SHOULDN'T I BE LEFT SOMEWHERE SAFELY BEHIND?!
NO TIME, MA. WARREN.
SARGE! THE SCHNABCRABBER'S GOT MORE PLATE THAN A BROILER FACTORY! PARTICLE BEAM CANNON LIKE US... ...REFRACTORY COATING...
YOWR! HE'S GOT GRAVITY-WELL TECH!
FIRE AS WE BEAR!


SHOT WIDE TO THE RIGHT. ADJUST AND ALIGN.
NO TIME, SARGE! WE'RE IN HIS SIGHTS!
DYNASHIELD UP.
GLANCING BLOW, SERGEANT DARO. IT'S MOVING IN FOR CLOSE-QUARTERS KILL!
GOOD. POMRU, SWING THE TURRET AND DISENGAGE VIBRASWORD FROM DYNASHIELD UNIT.
EEEEK! OH, SORRY...!
OWWWRR! LADY, THAT'S MY TAIL, NOT A LIFELINE! WOULD YOU PLEASE JUST STRAP YOURSELF IN LIKE YOU WAS ASKED?!
DAMN CIVILIANS!

ROGER-DOKEY, SARGE!
FEINT... LEFT, STRIKE... NOW!
AWWR, FLOOPY JUST ONCE I WISH THEM THINGS WOULDN'T DISINTEGRATE THE MOMENT THEY'RE DISABLED!
MORE THAN THAT, PRIVATE, IT'S THE CORREGIDOR! AND IT HAS AN UNDISSOLVED ENEMY MACHINE STUCK AMIDSHIPS!
GIVE SOME OF US TECHNOS A WHOLE ONE LONG ENOUGH AND WE'LL TELL YOU NOT ONLY WHAT THE ENEMY IS BUT WHAT IT HAD FOR DINNER! THEN WE'D GET SOMEWHERE IN THIS WAR!
HOT JETS! GOT SOMETHING ELSE SCRAMBLING THE SCREEN, SARGE! THUFFERIN' MACKINTOSH! IT'S A SHIP!

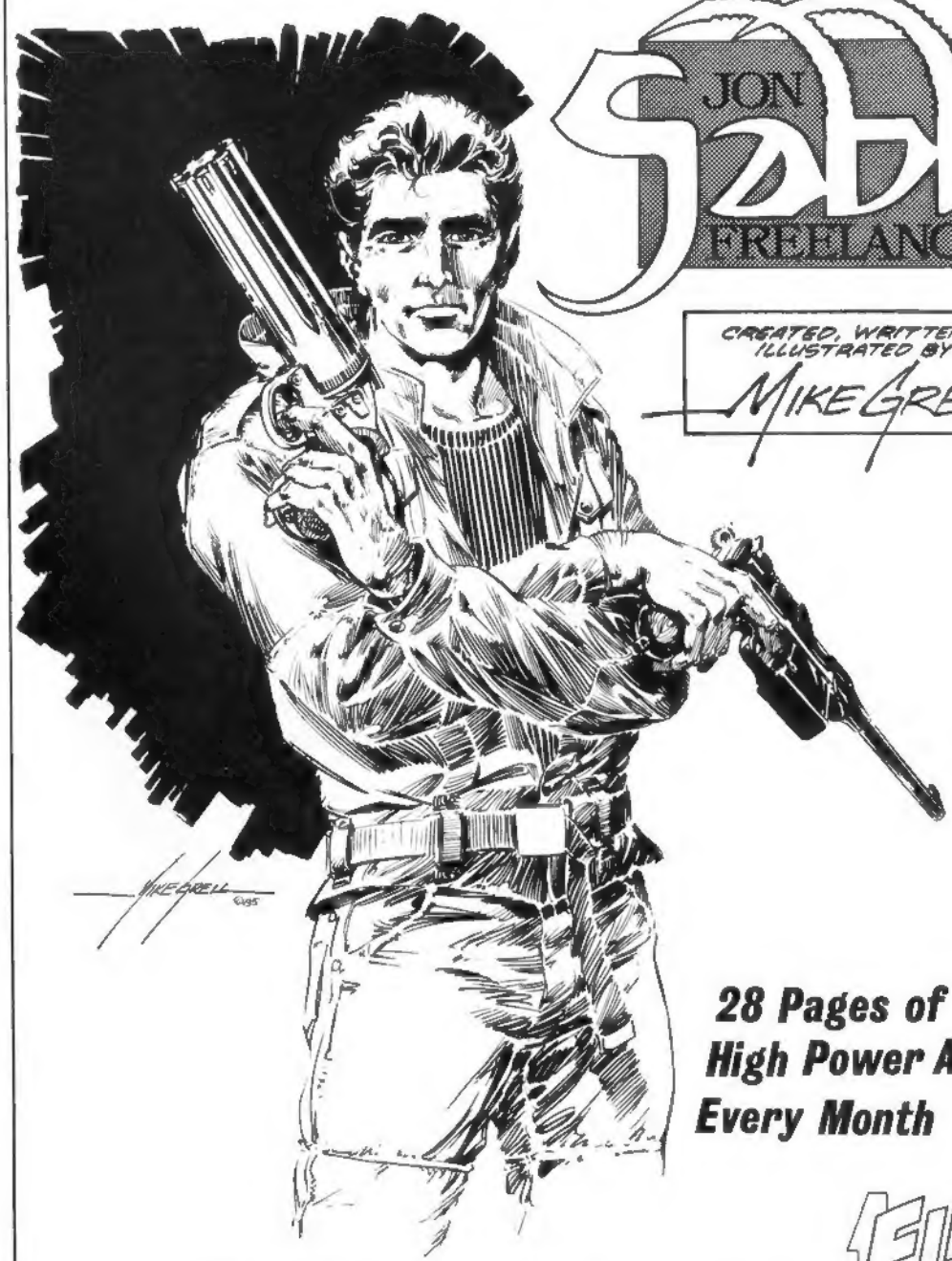

THE CORREGIDOR. 9,589 FEET LONG. ONE OF ONLY FIVE BUILT IN THE LEVIATHAN CLASS. THE PRIDE OF THE CENTRAL FLEET. IT TOOK A DECADE TO CONSTRUCT, AND WAS THOUGHT LOST AFTER THE RIM BATTLE MASSACRE.
UNTIL NOW.
WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! WAVE! DO SOMETHING! THAT'S OUR TICKET HOME!

IT'S MORE THAN THAT, MS. WARREN. UP UNTIL NOW, THE ALLIANCE HAS HAD NO IDEA OF THE NATURE OF THE ENEMY.
BRINGING BACK JUST ONE ENEMY WAR-MACHINE INTACT COULD FINALLY REVEAL THAT. SECURING THAT WAR-MACHINE ON THE CORREGIDOR IS LITERALLY MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANY OF OUR LIVES.
SERGEANT DARD, YOU WILL BRING US ABOARD THE CORREGIDOR.

UNDERSTOOD, SIR. ACTIVATING BOOT ROCKETS NOW.
BUT SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE. THE RIM BATTLE MASSACRE WAS SIX YEARS AGO! WHERE HAS THE CORREGIDOR BEEN? WHY IS IT RETURNING NOW?
ALL DUE RESPECTS, LIEUTENANT, BUT I THINK YOU'RE WALTZING US INTO A TRAP!

NEXT MONTH! DESTINATION- DMZ

HIGH CALIBER ENTERTAINMENT



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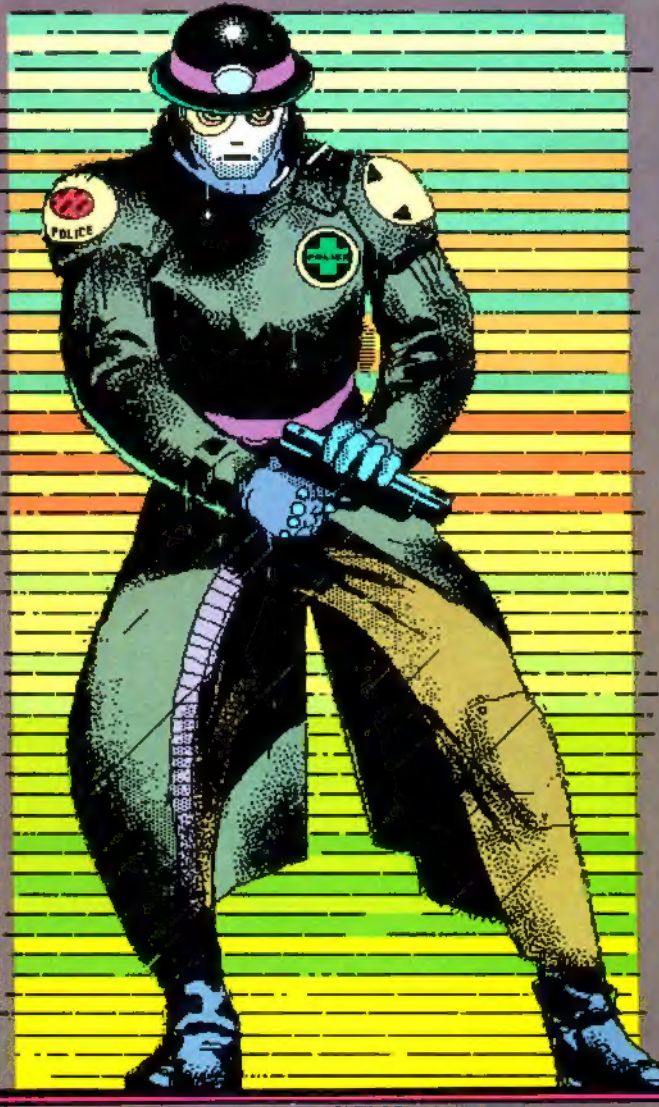

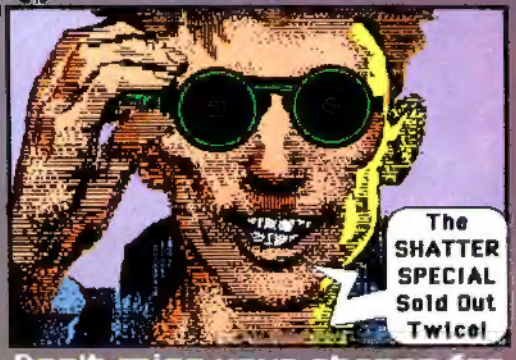

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